



Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine

Volume 2 *Reflections*

Article 3

5-1-1995

Her Eyes

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Recommended Citation

Kagan, Jarrett (1995) "Her Eyes," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 2, Article 3.
Available at: http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol2/iss1/3

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Her Eyes

Jarrett Kagan

On the surface they're as brown as a log in the cold
winter snow.

In her eyes is the toyland where young children wish
to go.

In her eyes crime and pollution are covered with
flowers.

In this magical land of hers, I spent my happiest
hours.

In her eyes red roses blossom and gentle rivers flow.

I traveled there once, but it was quite some time ago.

A land where everyone is happy and nobody ever
lies.

Star-crossed now, I'm trapped on the outside in a
world that still cries.